

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our Fortunes.

*Doug.* Fayth, and so wee should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion,  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what 'tis to come in,  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,  
If that the Diuell and mischance looke big  
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been heere:

The quality and heire of our attempt  
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.

And thinke, how such an apprehension

May turne the tide of fearefull faction,

And breed a kinde of question in our cause:

For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,

Must keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,

And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence

The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:

This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine:

That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of ſcare

B. fore not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You ſtaine too farre,

Prather of his abſence make this uſe,

It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to your great enterprize,

Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,

If we without his helpe, can make a head

To push againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,

We ſhall, or turne it to piſſe turny downe:

Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole:

*Doug.* As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this dreame of ſcare.

*Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.*

*Hot.*

## Henry the Fourth.

*Hot.* My couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worthe a welcome, Lord.

The Earle of *Westmerland*, ſeuē thouſand ſtrong,

Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *Iohn*.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further, I haue learned,

The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,

Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,

With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He ſhall bee welcome too; Where is his Sonne,

The nimble-footed mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,

And his Camrades, that daſt the world aſide,

And bid it paſſe?

*Ver.* All furniſht? all in Armes?

All plumpelike Eſtriges, that with the winde

Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd

Glittering in golden Coates like Images,

As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Midſummer;

Wanton as youthfull Coates, wild as young Bulls:

I ſaw young *Harry*, with his Beuer on,

His Cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,

And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,

To turn and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,

And witch the world with noble Horſe-maniſhip.

*Hot.* No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in March.

This prayſe doth nourish Agues; let them come,

They come like Sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie warre,

All hot and bleeding, will wee offer them:

The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit

Vpon the eares in bloud. I am on fire

To heare this rich reprizall ſo nigh:

And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,

Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,

Againſt the boſome of the Prince of *Wales*:

H 2

*Harry*